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From the Lady's Own Book for October.

OLD FATHER MORRIS. A SKETCH FROM NATURE.

BY MRS. HARRIET BEECHER STOWE.

Of all the marvels that astonished my childhood, there is none I remember to this day with so much interest, as the old man whose name forms my caption. When I knew him, he was an aged eleverman settled over an obscure village in New England. He had enjoyed the advantages of a liberal education, had a strong original power of thought, an omnipotent imagination, and much general information. But so early and so deep had the habits and associations of the plough, the farm, and country life wrought themselves into his mind, that his after acquirements could only mingle with them, forming an unexampled amalgam, unto nothing but itself.

He was an ingrain New Englander, and whatever might have been the source of his information, it came out in Yankee form, with the strong provinciality of Yankee dialect.

It is in vain to attempt to give a full picture of such a genuine unique; but some slight and imperfect dashes may help the imagination to a faint idea of what none can fully conceive but those who have seen and heard old father Morris.

Suppose yourself one of half a dozen children, and you hear the cry—"Father Morris is coming!" You run to the window or door, and you see a tall bulky old man, with a pair of saddle bags on one arm, hitching old horse with a fumbling carefulness, and then deliberately stumbling toward the house. You notice his tranquil, florid, full-moon face, enlightened by a pair of great round blue eyes, that roll with dreamy inattentiveness on all the objects around, and as he takes off his hat you see the white curling wig that sets off his round head. He comes towards you—and as you stand staring with all the children around, he deliberately puts his great hand on your head, and with a deep rumbling voice inquires,

"How d'ye do, my dar'ter?—is your daddy at home?" "My dar'ter" usually makes off as fast as possible in an unconquerable giggle. Father Morris goes into the house, and we watch him at every turn, as with the most literal simplicity, he makes himself at home—takes off his wig—wipes down his great face with a checked pocket handkerchief—helps himself hither and thither to whatever he wants, and asks for such things as he cannot lay his hands on, with all the comfortable easiness of childhood.

I remember to this day, how we used to peep through the crack of the door, or hold it half ajar and peer in, to watch his motion—and how mightily diverted we were with his deep slow manner of speaking, his heavy cumbrous walk, but above all, with the wonderful faculty of *humming* which he possessed.

His deep, thundering, protracted a-hem—was like nothing else that ever I heard; and when once, as he was in the midst of one of these performances, the parlor door suddenly happened to swing open, I heard one of my roguish brothers calling in a suppressed tone, "Charles, Charles, Father Morris has hemmed the door open?"—and then followed the signs of a long and desperate titter, in which I sincerely sympathized.

But the morrow is Sunday. The old man rises in the pulpit. He is not now in his own humble little parish, preaching simply to the nooks of corn and planters of potatoes—but there sits Governor D., and there is Judge R., and Counsellor P., and Judge G. In short, he is before a refined and literary audience. But father Morris rises—he thinks nothing of this—he cares nothing—he knows nothing, as he himself would say, but "Jesus Christ and him crucified." He takes a passage of Scripture to explain—perhaps it is the walk to Emmaus, and the conversation of Jesus with his disciples. Immediately the whole start out before you, living and picturesque—the road to Emmaus is a New England turnpike—you can see its mile stones—it's mullein stalks—its toll gates. Next, the disciples rise, and you have before you all their anguish, and hesitation, and dismay, taken out to you in the language of your own fireside. You smile—you are amused—yes, you are touched, and the illusion grows every moment. You see the approaching stranger, and the mysterious conversation grows more and more interesting. Emmaus rises in the distance, in the likeness of a New England village, with a white meeting house and spire. You follow the travellers—they enter the house with them—not do you wake from your trance until with streaming eyes the preacher tells you that "they saw it was the Lord Jesus"! and *what a pity* it was they could not have known it before!

It was after a sermon on this very chapter of Scripture history, that Governor Griswold, in passing out of the house, laid hold on the sleeve of his first acquaintance, "Pray tell me," said he, "who is this minister?" "Why, it is old father Morris."

"Well, he is an oddity—and a genius too! I declare!" he continued, "I have been wondering all the morning, how I could

have read the Bible to so little purpose as not to see all these particulars he has presented."

I once heard him narrate in this picturesque way the story of Lazarus. The great bustling city of Jerusalem first rises to view, and you are told with great simplicity, how the Lord Jesus "used to get tired of the noise"—and how he was "tired of preaching again and again to people who would not mind a word he said"—and how, "when it came evening, he used to go out and see his friends in Bethany." Then he told about the house of Martha and Mary—a little white house among the trees; he said, "you could just see it from Jerusalem. And there the Lord Jesus and his disciples used to go and sit in the evenings, with Martha, and Mary, and Lazarus."

Then the narrator went on to tell how Lazarus died—describing with tears and a choking voice, the distress they were in—and how they sent a message to the Lord Jesus, and he did not come, and how they wondered and wondered—and thus, on he went, winding up the interest by the graphic minutiæ of an eye witness, till he woke you from the dream by his triumphant joy at the resurrection scene.

Among his own simple people, this style of Scripture painting was listened to with breathless interest. But it was particularly in those rustic circles called in New England, "Conference Meetings," that his whole warm soul unfolded, and the Bible in his hands, became a gallery of New England paintings.

He particularly loved the Evangelists—following the footsteps of Jesus Christ—dwelling upon his words—repeating over and over again the stories of what he did, with all the fond veneration of an old and favored servant.

Sometimes too, he would give the narration—an exceedingly practical turn, as one example will illustrate.

He had noticed a falling off in his little circle that met for social prayer, and took occasion the first time he collected a tolerable audience, to tell concerning "the conference meeting that the disciples attended," after the resurrection.

"But Thomas was not with them!"—Thomas not with them! said the old man in sorrowful voice. "Why!—what could keep Thomas away?" "Perhaps," said he, glancing at some of his backward auditors, "Thomas had got cold-hearted, and was afraid they would ask him to make the first prayer—or perhaps," said he, looking at some of the farmers, "Thomas was afraid the roads were bad—or perhaps," he added after a pause, "Thomas had got proud, and thought he could not come in his old clothes." Thus he went on, significantly summing up the common excuses of his people. And then with great simplicity and emotion he added—"But only think what Thomas lost in the middle of the meeting, the Lord Jesus came and stood among them! How sorry Thomas must have been!" This representation served to fill the vacant seats for some time to come.

At another time, Father Morris gave the details of the anointing of David to be king. He told them how Samuel went to Bethlehem—to Jesse's house—and went in with a "how d'ye do, Jesse?"—and how when Jesse asked him to take a chair, he said he could not stay a minute—that the Lord had sent him to anoint one of his sons for a king—and how when Jesse called in the tallest and handsomest, Samuel said "he would not do!"—and how all the rest passed the same test, and at last, how Samuel says, "Why, have not you any more sons, Jesse?" and Jesse says, "Why, there is little David down in the lot?" and how, as soon as ever Samuel saw David "he dashed the oil right onto him!"—and how Jesse said "he never was so beat in all his life."

Father Morris sometimes used his illustrative talent to very good purpose in the way of rebuke. He had on his farm a fine orchard of peaches, from which some of the ten and twelve year old gentlemen helped themselves more liberally than even the old man's kindness thought expedient.

Accordingly, he took occasion to introduce into his sermon one Sunday, in his little parish, an account of a journey he took; and how he saw a fine orchard of peaches that made his mouth water to look at them. "So," says he, "I came up to the fence and looked all around, for I would not have touched one of them without leave, for all the world. At last I spied a man, and says I, 'Mister, won't you give me some of your peaches?' So the man came and gave me right about a hat full. And while I stood there eating, I said, 'Mister, how do you manage to keep your peaches?' 'Keep them!' said he, and he stared at me—'What do you mean?' 'Yes sir,' said I, 'don't the boys steal them?' 'Why sir, said I, 'I have a whole lot full of peaches, and I cannot get half of them!'—here the old man's voice grew tremulous—"because the boys in my parish steal them so." "Why sir," said he, "don't their parents teach them not to steal?" And I grew all over in a cold sweat," and I told him "I was afraid they did!" "Why how you talk," says the man, "do tell me where you live!" "Then," said father Morris—the tears running over—"I was obliged to tell him I lived in the town of G." After this father Morris kept his peaches.

Our old friend was not less original in the logical than in the illustrative portions of his discourses. His logic was of that familiar colloquial kind, which shakes hands with common sense like an old friend. Sometimes too, his great mind and great heart would be poured out on the vast themes of religion, in language which, though homely, produced all the effects of the sublime. He once preached a discourse on the text, "the High and Holy One that inhabites eternity"—and from the beginning to the end it was a train of lofty and solemn thought. With

his usual simple earnestness, and his great rolling voice, he told about "the Great God—the Great Jehovah—and how the people in this world were fluttering and worrying and afraid they should not get time to do this and that and other." "But," he added, with full hearted satisfaction, "the Lord is never in a hurry, he has all to do, but he has time enough, for he inhabits eternity."

And the grand idea of infinite leisure and almighty resources, was carried through the sermon with equal strength and simplicity. Although the old man never seemed to be sensible of any thing tending to the ludicrous in his own mode of expressing himself, yet he had considerable relish for humor, and some shrewdness of repartee. One time, as he was walking through a neighboring parish famous for its profanity, he was stopped by a whole flock of the youthful reprobates of the place:

"Father Morris—father Morris—the devil's dead!" "Is he?" said the old man, benignly laying his hand on the head of the nearest urchin, "you poor fatherless children!"

But the sayings and doings of this good old man, as reported in the legends of the neighborhood, are more than can be gathered or reported. He lived far beyond the common age of man, and continued, when age had impaired his powers, to tell over and over again the same Bible stories that he had told so often before.

I recollect hearing of the joy that almost broke the old man's heart, when after many years diligent watching and nurture of the good seed in his parish, it began to spring into vegetation, sudden and beautiful as that which answers the patient watching of the husbandman. Many a hard worldly hearted man—many a sleepy inattentive hearer—many a listless, idle young person, began to give ear to words that had long fallen unheeded. A neighboring minister who had been sent for to see and rejoice in these results, describes the scene, when on entering the little church he found a crowded auditory, assembled around their venerable teacher, waiting for direction. The old man was sitting in his pulpit almost choking with fullness of emotion, as he gazed around—"Father," said the youthful minister, "I suppose you are ready to say with old Simeon, 'Now Lord, lettest thou thy servant depart in peace, for my eyes have seen thy salvation.'" "Sartin, sartin," said the old man, while the tears streamed down his cheeks, and his white frame shook with emotion.

It was not many years after, that this simple and loving servant of Christ was gathered in peace unto him whom he loved. His name is fast passing from remembrance, and in a few years, his memory, like his humble grave, will be entirely grown over and forgotten among men, though it will be had in everlasting remembrance, by him who "forgettest not his servants," and in whose sight the death of his saints is precious.

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It was not many years after, that this simple and loving servant of Christ was gathered in peace unto him whom he loved. His name is fast passing

120 miles in length, but in no place more than a quarter of a mile wide. In some places it is not a furrow, and is fordable either on horseback or on foot. Its water is fresh and limpid, leaving no sediment in the cup. Sceptics, from the fact that the Jordan is so narrow a stream and fordable in many places, have taken occasion to display their superior wisdom by sneering at the scriptural account of the miraculous dividing of its waters, when the ark passed over at the head of the Hosts of Israel. But, as usual, their objections are the fruit of ignorance and a want of due examination. The passage of the Israelites took place, not when the Jordan was flowing in its narrow and confined channel, but at the time of its annual overflow, when its waters are sometimes three and four miles wide, and the stream is not fordable at all. The sacred writer, as it anticipates this silly cavil, has thrown in a word by way of parenthesis, which these Solomons have overlooked. "And it came to pass," says Moses, "as they that bore the ark were come unto Jordan, and the feet of the priests that bore the ark were dipped in the brim of the water, (for Jordan overfloweth all its banks, all the time of harvest) that the waters which came down from above stood and rose up upon an heap very far from the city Adam, that is beside Zaretan; and those that came down toward the Sea of the Plain, even the Salt Sea, failed and were cut off; and the people passed over right against Jericho." What happened then, happens still. Jordan to this day overflows "all its banks" every year. The rains on Mount Hermon cause both the Lake of Tiberias—into and out of which the Jordan flows, entering it at one end and leaving it at the other,—and the river itself, to rise—the latter most, as being narrowest.

This annual overflow of Jordan gives occasion for another Scriptural figure, the beauty of which is not fully perceived by a reader in the western world. The prophet Jeremiah, in announcing the overthrow of Babylon, declares that "God will raise up an invader from the North, who shall come against Babylon with irresistible force, and shall take it." "He shall come up like a lion from the swelling of Jordan, against the habitation of the strong." Had the comparison been simply to a lion, all would have understood it as denoting great strength; but when it is said, "like a lion from the swelling of Jordan," the image is far more significant and terrible. A lion driven out by the rising of the waters from his secret covert is one of the fiercest animals in nature. He comes from his lair with eyes flashing fire, mane erect, and his whole frame ready to burst with rage. The lions of Asia are not, in their ordinary state, as fierce as those of Africa. They seldom volunteer injury against man. I have seen many in a condition of complete languor, in which it would not be very venturesome to pass within two hundred yards of them. They walk slowly, with joints seemingly relaxed, and as it were loosely held together, their head down, and tail upon the ground. But a lion coming up "from the swelling of Jordan" is quite another matter. It is dangerous even to be seen by one of them. He will instantly pursue, and hunt for a man as for his prey. I have had the good fortune to see one of these circumstances. His head was erect; his eye-balls glared: "the glory of his nostrils was terrible;" he shook his mane; he lashed his sides with his tail, and his pawing shook the ground. It is in such a state that you behold in perfection the majesty and fire which well entitles him to the title of king of beasts. The lion is then even more leonine than usual, and becomes, as it were, the poetry of his own nature. In the country where such sights are often seen, what force must there be to the threat, "he shall come up like a lion from the swelling of Jordan!"

The Lake of Tiberias,

Through which the Jordan flows, is a body of fresh water, 9 miles by 6, of an oval figure, its outline being smooth and free from bays or promontories. On its shores stood the cities of Bethsaida, Capernaum, and Chorazin, now in ruins. The Lake was also called the "Sea of Gennesereth," from the city of Chinneroth; and the Lake of Tiberias, from a city of the same name, built by Herod and named after his patron Tiberius. All the natural circumstances of this Lake and its coast remain unaltered; but all the social circumstances and relations are entirely changed. Here is seen neither ship, boat or raft, nor any, the slightest, indication of human industry; and though the fish are as good and as abundant as ever, the pressure of the Turkish despotism, with the consequent absence of all security to person or property, has spread universal desolation around.

Under the dominion of Rome, a very different scene was witnessed. Then were ships and boats in abundance continually passing from one side to the other in the interchanges of an active and flourishing trade. In one of these the Savior slept during a storm, and rising, rebuked the winds and the sea, and there was a great calm. From a ship lying near the shore, he taught the multitudes, who, flocking round to hear his divine instructions, stood in crowds upon the beach. From this sea it was that he drew, at a word, his best loved apostles, Peter, James and John. Here, as we learn from Josephus, were fought very sanguinary engagements between the tribesmen of the Romans and the Jewish marine force upon the lake, wherein such numbers were slaughtered as to occasion a disease to spread through the vicinity.

The Dead Sea,

Forms another very striking peculiarity among the natural objects in Palestine. It is much larger than the Sea of Tiberias, being 40 miles in length by 15' wide. It has never been accurately surveyed, but its coast is known to be of a very irregular shape. It is called the Lake Asphaltites, from a bituminous substance denominated asphaltum, which is deposited from the bottom and floats upon its surface. Of the name "Dead Sea," three etymologies are given: 1st, because its waters are as if dead—being so slow and heavy in their movement as with difficulty to be ruffled by the wind; again, because it is the "Sea of the dead;" the cities of Sodom and Gomorrah having been submerged beneath its waters, when they

were destroyed by a divine judgment: and lastly, because it was supposed that no living thing inhabited or flew over it; so that it might emphatically be called the Sea of Death. These reasons strike us as bordering on the romantic; and indeed they may be set down as romance. The peculiarities of this lake may, I believe, all be attributed to natural causes. It is very true that those who know most, are often the least disposed to doubt what appears at first view very wonderful; for the universe is filled with what is truly wonderful, and the better it is known, the more wonderful it is found to be. The infinitude of space, the vast extent of creation, the more they are thought upon, make the heart quail at the contemplation; while on the other hand, the infinitude of littleness, constantly diminishing till it eludes the sight, is not less amazing; while we are, ourselves the greatest wonder of all. Yet there are some who deem it a proof of wisdom to doubt whatever they are unable to comprehend; a principle which would reduce human knowledge and human credence within narrow limits indeed. But in the peculiarities which so strongly distinguish this sheet of water, there seems to be nothing which cannot be sufficiently accounted for by natural causes. It is a fact that it waters are comparatively motionless; wind, unless it be very violent, making little or no impression on its surface. An ordinary breeze, or such an one as we have seen, can stir the waves of the Sea of Tiberias and crest them with foam, passes over the Dead Sea as over so much glass; and even a tempest does but slightly ripple its sluggish waters, but rather sets the whole mass in an oscillating motion, resembling that of an Ocean in a calm, when the surface is smooth as glass, yet the body of the water heaves and swells in a manner very dangerous to ships. This is but a natural consequence of the greater specific gravity of the sea water. We all know, respecting solids, that they are of different densities; gold, for example, being heavier than tin, and tin than wood. It is the same with fluids. Salt water is heavier than fresh. The waters of your river Potowmack, at its mouth on the Chesapeake, will be found to be heavier than the same bulk weighed here; because they have a larger measure of the waters of the ocean. The heaviness of sea water is probably owing to the stores of rock salt beneath its surface, which the water absorbs nearly up to the point of saturation—The waters of the Dead Sea, in like manner absorb the salt and bitumen which are at its bottom, and become yet heavier than those of the ocean. It is also true that no fish have been found in them; but I believe this to be the consequence of the saturation and bitterness of the waters, which renders them unfit to sustain animal life, insomuch that if fish enter the lake from the Jordan, they soon die. It is not true, however, that birds cannot fly over the Dead Sea without being destroyed by its deadly fumes; for they do pass over it, and ducks, it is said, do swim on its surface. Very few, however, are seen there, and for an obvious reason. Water-fowl frequent waters which abound in fish, on which most of them feed; and instinct would be sufficient to teach them not to frequent those places where none is to be found. On the same principle, the total sterility of the banks of the lake and of all the adjacent country occasions a similar absence of animals. Thus the air of mystery which has sometimes been thrown around the phenomena of this solitary sheet of waters, as if there were a perpetual miracle kept up by the intervention of divine power, is at once dissipated; while, at the same time, the whole condition of the Dead Sea and its neighborhood affords a striking and solemn confirmation of what we find in holy writ, respecting the destruction of the Cities of the Plain; the unbelief of the sceptic and the credulity of the enthusiast being alike rebuked by a simple statement of the facts as they exist.

(To be continued.)

From the Albany Evening Journal.

THE MARCH OF THE FREE.

Hark! an earthquake's deep roar o'er our country is booming;
But no ruin behind it is seen:
With joy each heart swelling, each visage illumining,
Earth brightens wher'er it has been.
The West's gallant spirit first thrilled to its pealing,
As onward it rolled the March of the Free!

Tis the Rising and March of the Free!
No percents precede, and no true hearts deplore it:
No bright stars wane dim in the sky:
Misrule's cohorts faint are alone swept before it,
And quail as its blast hurries by.

Corruption's snakish to their caverns are driven;
As chaff in the tempest they flee;

While full on the ear, 'neath the glad smile of Heaven,
Break the shouts and the March of the Free!

No banners are lifted, no trumpets are sounding,
As that host in its triumph moves on;

And the burst of deep joy from each valley rebounding,

Tells how fearless the victories won:

As trembles the earth to the mighty emotion,

More firm grows each Patriot knee;

While People and States, from the Lakes to the Ocean,
Proudly join in the March of the Free.

I.

From thy borders, PENNSYLVANIA, their shout has ascended;

Countrymen's tide bears it on;

Tell with me, Mississippi, its surges are blended,

And Roanoke recalls glories gone:

Then, peerless Ohio, so thrilled with the spirit

Walked from Michigan's margin to the sea,

Where our own noble Hudson so proudly shall bear it,

And joy in the March of the Free!

II.

KY.,

From thy borders, PENNSYLVANIA, their shout has ascended;

Countrymen's tide bears it on;

Tell with me, Mississippi, its surges are blended,

And Roanoke recalls glories gone:

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And joy in the March of the Free!

XII.

From thy borders, PENNSYLVANIA, their shout has ascended;

Countrymen's tide bears it on;

Tell with me, Mississippi, its surges

published "Governor Butler's Reply" with no feelings of shame for ourselves, though we cannot but feel ashamed of a Southern editor who presumes, in the face of the ten thousand facts of cruelty to the slaves, to adduce this one act of justice as proof of universal justice and generosity of the whites towards the colored people of the South.

In our turn, we ask the editor of "the South Carolinian," and the Editor of "the Greenville Mountaineer," if they are not ashamed for themselves and their white brethren, on account of the fact that they have not sentiments of justice and honor sufficiently strong to prevent their daily robbery of the "hire of them that reap down their fields, which is of them kept back by fraud?" To live on the property of other men—to crush the poor black man in the dust, in order to elevate themselves—to establish a system of laws which combine all the power of the State against each and every individual called a slave—to keep him in ignorance of letters from the fear that, if he should have the means of improvement, he would not endure such injustice and barbarity—to make a *man a chattel*, and buy and sell men, women and children, separating husbands, wives, parents, children, brothers and sisters, *forever for money*—to make the marriage relation a nullity—and as it is now getting to be the fashion, to wage war against "Home Missions to the colored population," under the avowed motive that it is dangerous to send even slaveholding missionaries among them—to do all these things and many more of equally just and honorable character, and then to ask an Abolitionist to be ashamed for himself for questioning the justice, benevolence, chivalry, honorableness and Christianity of such practices, is proof positive that the spirit of slaveholding is a too "high-minded" spirit to allow the truth to be told without a becoming resentment.

We are willing to give honor to whom any degree of it is due, and are happy to recognize in Governor Butler a man too just to be induced by the clamors of those about him to set the law at defiance, as *they* would have him, by setting at liberty a murderer, simply on the ground that the person murdered was "only a Nigger."

One word more—these editors know, or ought to know, that throughout the slave States colored people are capitally punished for acts which may be done with impunity by a white

Talk now of justice and honor on their part, and of "shame" on ours!!

From the Greenville Mountaineer.

We commend to the attention of the reader, (says the South Carolinian,) the following excellent letter of His Excellency Gov. Butler, in reply to the petition in behalf of Nazareth Allen, convicted of the murder of a negro boy. It does honor alike to his head and heart—he is exalted station too, and his State. If there be any Abolition slanderer of the South not entirely beyond the reach of shame, he must surely feel it on reading the last paragraph which we are confident will find a prompt and generous response, in the bosom of every intelligent slaveholder.

To the Sheriff of Richland District.

EXECUTIVE OFFICE, COLUMBIA,

OCT. 30, 1838.

The petition of sundry citizens in behalf of Nazareth Allen, convicted of murder, at the fall term of the Court of General Sessions, &c., for Richland District, is received.

In exercising the delicate responsibility attached to my office, it is a difficult but imperative duty to discriminate sternly between the real merits of the case, and weight of personal sympathy which generally bears upon it, through pity for the unfortunate.

The number and respectability of the petitioners, cannot alter the nature of the facts, nor can the unofficial or irresponsible prayer of the *Jurymen*, in my judgment, be permitted to reverse the verdict of the Jury.

The case is undeniably clear of deliberate, or rather, wanton homicide. The plea for mercy, is the extreme youth of the prisoner.

The only consideration that gives weight to this plea, is the hope of amendment in the future career of an unformed character, with the probability of a salutary impression having been already effected on a mind not yet depraved.

I will not add to the afflictions of the unhappy sufferer, by detailing the features of his case, which have compelled me to the reluctant conclusion, that these considerations cannot be applied to him.

The laws of South Carolina make no distinction in cases of deliberate murder, whether committed on a black man or a white man; and neither can I. I am not a law maker, but the Executive Officer of the laws already made; and I must not act on a distinction which the Legislature might have made, and has not thought fit to make.

That the crime of which the prisoner stands convicted, was committed against one of an inferior grade in society, is a reason for being especially cautious of intercepting the just severity of the law.

This class of our population are subjected to us as well for their protection, as our advantage.

Our rights in regard to them, are not more imperative than their duties—and the institutions, which for wise and necessary ends, have rendered them peculiarly dependent, at least pledge the law to be to them, peculiarly, a friend and protector.

The prayer of the petitioners is not granted.

PIERCE M. BUTLER.

THE LIBERATOR.

As it is evident that "the Remonstrance," addressed to "Rev. Mr. Turpin" against "Home Missions to the colored population in Abbeville, and Edgefield Districts, S. C." was taken through the Reflector into the columns of the Liberator Nov. 30, and as the Editor of that paper has fallen into some conjectural errors from not having had "the Greenville Mountaineer" at hand, we conceive it a duty to drop a word or two for information.

"What heed was given to this Remonstrance," says the Liberator, "by Rev. Mr. Turpin, we are not informed. Undoubtedly, he complied with its worse than pagan mandates; for had he not done so, his life would have been put in imminent peril. Indeed, he did not long survive after receiving it; but whether he died by the visitation of God or by foul means, is unknown to us."

We think that, if the Editor had carefully read all we said in connexion with the article and in the previous No. he might not have indulged in these conjectures. We certainly said nothing implying either that Mr. Turpin "complied," or that he might have been taken off "by foul means;" and we think that the respected Editor ought not to have ventured the conjecture. It is always both just and wise to allow to our opponents, at least, as much as they have a right to claim.

It may be that we were not sufficiently explicit, and, therefore, we make an extract or two more from the introductory letter addressed to the Mountaineer requesting the insertion of the Remonstrance—which letter is signed by five men. "We request you to publish a Remonstrance which was prepared and intended for publication during the life time of Rev. Mr. TURPIN; but we were advised to address him privately, previously to its publication, as it might produce the desired effect without getting into a News-paper controversy. In conformity with this advice the Rev. Mr. TURPIN was privately addressed; and we understood at one time, that he had yielded to our request; but we heard just previous to his death, that he *intended continuing his missionary labors*. When we heard of his death, we were then disposed to drop the publication of the Remonstrance, as we hoped the South Carolina Conference, being advised of our opposition, would not impose another Missionary upon us, without our consent or approbation. Here, in all probability, the agitation would have been settled, if it had not been for some personal, insolent, shameful and indecent remarks, delivered by Rev. Wm. M. WIGHTMAN on the 4th of August, at a Methodist Camp Meeting, held at Copeskay, vented at those who were opposed to the course pursued by the late Missionary among us. We are also informed, in a recent communication from Rev. Mr. WIGHTMAN, that we interfered rudely with the private rights of citizens of the State, in causing a violent opposition, to the Missionary dynasty. This is palpably false; for we never interfered with those who patronized the Missionary. We present the private letter for publication which was handed to the late Rev. Mr. TURPIN. We leave it to the public to determine if the contents of the letter, or handing it, without a single uncouth remark, can be construed into rudeness."

It appears from this statement that the Missionary enterprise was not given up, but was renewed after the death of Mr. Turpin by the appointment of Rev. Mr. Wightman.

As we had at the date of Nov. 16, said a good deal about the case of Mr. Wightman, we supposed that we should be understood on this point without a repetition in the No. for Nov. 23, which contains the Remonstrance; but, probably, our remarks of Nov. 16 escaped the eye of the Editor of the Liberator. It also appears, that, although, 'at one time, it was understood that he Rev. Mr. Turpin, had acceded to the request' of the Remonstrants, it was afterwards heard that he *intended continuing his Missionary labors*.

Whether they committed "foul play" with him on this account or not, we have no means of determining, and it is best to conclude that he died "by the visitation of God."

In regard to the attempted exculpation from the charge of a "rude interference with the private rights of citizens" and the appeal for this purpose to the letter sent to Mr. Turpin, the reader will "determine." The whole affair is black. Mr. Wightman is a slave-holder and a stout adversary to abolition, and yet he goes little better as a Missionary than would an Abolitionist.

LATER FROM HARRISBURG.

It is stated in the United States Gazette that "prosecutions for *Treason* have been commenced against the most prominent of the bullies" engaged in the late *insurrection* at Harrisburg.

The noble Governor Ritner is said to be exerting himself to restore order. These dandy gentlemen politicians may bye and bye learn a lesson of caution, if not of wisdom, in the Ritner school.

are insincere. They will neither speak the truth themselves nor, if they can prevent it, let others speak it, unless they are first certified that it will turn to their temporal advantage.

These remarks, though having allusion to certain, nay very many shameful political malpractices, are made from no prejudice as against either political party. We have no predilections for either party; but, we speak plainly, we are solemnly convinced that *from their party attachments* most of the influential men in both parties have become utterly regardless of *right and truth* in their efforts to keep or attain the ascendancy.

Editors of the party news-papers are as guilty here as any other men. We may by this remark incur their displeasure. Be it so, then. They hold over the public mind a mighty influence and to the God of truth they are personally responsible for its exercise.

They may laugh at our "religious cant," but laugh as they may, Truth and Justice will stand over them in frowns which will not relax at such a laugh. Applicable as our remarks are to our political affairs in general, they have particular relation to the most disgraceful and unmanly procedures at Harrisburg, Penn. If there were in any of our political papers a fair statement of the facts, we would copy it for our readers; but we see in them all sad evidence of partiality, and, therefore, shall give only such a general account as we are able to gather from both sides. At the late election in Philadelphia, by the head-long and fool-hardy zeal of both parties, two returns of Senators and Representatives were made out and sent on to head-quarters, apparently duly authenticated; one purporting to be the result of election in favor of the Administration, the other in favor of the Whig party, both of Senators and Representatives to the State Legislature. This necessarily created confusion, on the attempt at the meeting of the Legislature at Harrisburg to organize. In the House, each party chose its Speaker and Committees to wait on the Governor and Senate, &c. &c.

A similar spirit reigned in the Senate also. The spectators, some of whom had come all the way from Philadelphia to see to the well-being of the Republic, alias their party, sympathised with their respective friends and at length entered into a hearty co-operation with them, till all became up-roar and mobism.

The Governor has issued a call for the Militia to restore order. At the last dates, a large number of troops were on their way to the seat of Government.

Probably, one party is as shamefully guilty as the other.

If God does not save the Republic, who will? Christian Brethren, be no longer deceived into the belief that duty to God requires your adherence to either party, as parties now exist in our country. We have a higher duty to perform than to allow ourselves to be dragged at the wheels of their ruinous cars.

Let us inquire—Lord, what, as *citizens*, will thou have us to do—and stand forth fearlessly and act as the meek disciples of Christ. In this way, christians may be honored as *instruments* of saving the nation; but so long as they allow themselves to be swayed by the machinations of demagogues, their influence is more lost, as it is surely more corrupt than a Congregational or Presbyterian non-slave-holding Church?

And we put it to our *Northern* brethren, whether they are not guilty of far greater sin, when they receive to their fellowship a slave-holding Baptist Church, is not immeasurably more corrupt than a Congregational or Presbyterian non-slave-holding Church?

And we put it to our *Southern* brethren,

whether they are not guilty of far greater sin, when they receive to their fellowship a slave-holding Baptist Church, or member or minister of such Church, than they would be, if they were to admit to their table a Congregational professor who repudiates slavery?

We think it time to raise these questions and weigh them well. By continuing to have fellowship with the slave-holder, we give countenance to his flagrant sin. May God speedily remove the veil from the minds of Baptists, that they may act consistently on this momentous subject.

Much odium has been thrown upon the Baptists for practicing close communion, and many persons have been deterred from joining our churches by the apparent illiberality of our course, in excluding members of other churches from participating with us in this ordinance. It is not, therefore, at all singular that brethren should occasionally be beguiled from their steadfastness, and induced, when they may happen to be present, to commune with their Pedobaptist friends. Friendly intercourse, family connections, early prejudices, may severally or jointly dispose some to look upon close communion in an unfavorable light, and lead them to abandon it in precept and practice.

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Though very ready to censure us in unmeasured terms, as bigots and sectarians in thus practising close communion, the conduct of our Pedobaptist brethren may justly lead to a suspicion of their sincerity. Open communion churches have been established in a few instances, in the United States, and their Pedobaptist neighbors have seldom, if ever, communed with them, or shown them any more countenance on account of their professed readiness to admit them to partake with them in celebrating the death of their Saviour. An open communion church was established in the city of New York. Appeals were made to the Pedobaptists for countenance and assistance, on the ground that they were following out their suggestions, and could not look to the close communion Baptists for support; but those appeals were disregarded, and the experiment failed. A number of the English Baptist churches have become, through the influence of the eloquent Robert Hall and others, open communions; yet, as we have been informed, it is a rare thing for a Pedobaptist to commune with them.

In fact, the great outcry against us is a mere matter of policy to deter persons from uniting with our churches, and ought to be discarded by every sincere and upright Pedobaptist.

They practice close communion as

well as we, and upon the same grounds, too,

viz: that the applicants are not baptized.

Neither the Methodist nor the Presbyterian

churches, acting in accordance with their

standards, would permit a *Quaker* to com-

mune, because he is unbaptized. We do

not admit them, because they, too, in our

view, are unbaptized. We maintain that

baptism is a prerequisite to communion;

so do they. Hall contended that it was not a

prerequisite, but his views have not been

adopted by the Pedobaptists.

The only question in dispute betwixt us and the Pedobaptists is, what is Christian baptism?

We answer that it is a dipping or immersion of

the body in water, in the name of the Father,

Son, and Holy Spirit; and that nothing else is Christian baptism.

They affirm, that sprinkling or pouring is valid baptism.

Believing that the primitive church was

composed of immersed believers, and that no

one ever communed until he had united

himself with the church, and that none were

received into it, until they had been thus

baptized, we are conscientiously compelled

to view them as unbaptized, and of course

not prepared to commemorate the ordinance

of the Lord's Supper. * Int.

And what is true in this respect, of individuals, is also true of nations. The more complete the armament of a nation, and the more the people are trained to the use of arms, the greater the danger of war. In a nation of soldiers, anything may be expected but long continued peace.

But there is another view to be taken of this subject. The clergyman was addressing Christians. Now, how is it possible, that Dirks, Pistols, &c., be they what they may to others, can be any safety to them? Surely, they would not be the least affect their safety unless they used them. And what use could a Christian make of Dirks and Bowie-Knives? He cannot use them against those he loves; and he is commanded to love even his enemies. What kind of love is manifested in stabbing a fellow creature to the heart? Is it love? Is it not hate?

But, perhaps it may be said, that the wearing of these weapons would be a protection, even though the wearer did not intend to use them. But, certainly not, unless others expected he would use them in case of emergency. And is this the way for a Christian to let his light shine before men? On what does he rely for protection?

Surely it is on the strength of his own arm, in wielding his deadly weapon, or on that of his Holy Spirit?

OrVILLE.

CLOSE COMMUNION.

OR, WHICH IS THE GREATER REASON FOR EXCLUDING FROM COMMUNION?

We take the following remarks from "the Religious Herald," a slaveholding Baptist newspaper published in Richmond, Virginia. The Remonstrance which is the greater reason for excluding from Communion?

We take the following remarks from "the Religious Herald," a slaveholding Baptist newspaper published in Richmond, Virginia.

It is amusing—nay, it is lamentable—to

see how conscientious men can be, touching certain practices, while other practices, ten-fold more important, and under their immediate and constant observation, are utterly disregarded by them.

Now, we are well known to be "close-communion Baptists;" and on precisely the ground taken by the Herald, because we think the reasoning sound and incontrovertible.

But, while we so believe and so act, if the question were put to us whether we consider the want of baptism, or the practice of holding slaves, the strongest "bar to communion," we could not hesitate to aver that the sin of being unchristianized, when compared with the sin of slaveholding, is as one to a million, or as little to infinity. We solemnly believe it is so in the sight of God; and we seriously put it to the editor of the Herald, and beg him to tell us, whether a slaveholding Baptist Church is not immeasurably more corrupt than a Congregational or Presbyterian non-slaveholding Church?

And we put it to our Northern brethren, whether they are not guilty of far greater sin, when they receive to their fellowship a slaveholding Baptist Church, or member or minister of such Church, than they would be, if they were to admit to their table a Congregational professor who repudiates slavery?

The following Missionaries, sent out by the Baptist Board of Foreign Missions, sailed from Boston on the 6th inst., in the bark

POETRY.

From the Barre Gazette.

THE FIRST SABBATH.

Day dawned! its hallowed light revealed,
A lovely prospect, blandly wove
With trees and shrubs and flowers unsealed,
And all that beautifies a grove;
And music's wreath was twined around,
By Eden's bird, that holy ground.

'Twas the first holy morn that shad
Its glorious light on finished earth;
O'er infant nature's dew-bright bed,
It smiling gazed, as on the birth
Of its own being. Joy rung out
From hill to dale the echoing shout.

Glad were the sounds in Eden's bower,—
But not of bells from churches tolled,
To tell the flight of holy hours,
Or call creation's host to hold
High converse with the voice of prayer,
'Neath a rich dome high raised in air.

No pillar'd arch with august head,
O'erlooked his musing steps that morn,
Or gaudy carpet bore his tread,
Or cushioned seat received his form,—
Nor she, our mother, decked with pride,
To seek her place at altar side.

A fairer temple waited them,
A brighter seat than tinsel yields,
A richer carpet than the gem
Embossed in Golconda's fields;
An altar rose with sparkling dies,
Breathing sweet incense to the skies.

Heaven's canopy was o'er them spread,
Than marble mansion nobler, wide,—
Earth's natural carpet bore their tread,
And on the moss-tufts, side by side,
They breathed 'mong roses' sweetest air,
Their first pure off-ring—voiceless prayer.

Aye, feeble man—well may he strive
To hide in shame his meagre art,
Who seeks in splendor now to give
What once was wrought without the heart,
And still is so—but glittering pride
With her frail covering fair would hide
Religion's want, and empty show
Usurps the place 'twas her's to know.

LIVIA.

CHILD'S DEPARTMENT.

From The Morning Star.

TO YOUTH.

My dear youthful friends; You are now in the morning of life; do you wish "the sun of your being to set cloudless and fair?" Oh! then, give these, your best days, to your Creator. You are now free from the cares and anxieties, which others feel who are more advanced in life.

Will you now give your attention to the subject of religion? Think of the value of your immortal souls: of that eternity to which you are bound: and O! decide that you will serve God, at the loss of all things else. But so far from losing, you will be infinite gainers, even in this life. Do you wish for riches? Who is richer, than he who has God for his friend; and eternal life for his portion? Do you thirst for happiness? Here are pleasures, attended with no consequent loathing, no remorse, no bitter farewell! Have you friends, more dear than life itself? you must soon die, and leave them. But, here is a friend with whom you may live forever, a friend who will never betray the confidence reposed in him. But, perhaps you will say, "I am young, and in health, there is time enough yet." But have you any assurance of life? no, not for a moment. But should you live to old age, it would afford unspeakable happiness to look back on a life spent in the service of God.

A YOUTH.

From the S. S. Treasury.
THE LAST GIFT TO THE HEATHEN.

Little Albert was a member of a Juvenile Missionary Society, which holds a meeting once a month, and each one brings a cent, as a contribution towards sending bibles to the heathen. One day last July, Albert came running home from school, in great haste, saying, "Let me get my cents." "Where are you going, my son?" asked his mother. "O, it is society meeting, mother, and I am afraid I shall be late; come, brother." "I am not going," said John. "Why not—you have as many cents as I have." "Well, I have none to spare," answered John. "I mean to put in two," said Albert, as he ran out, leaving his brother at home. At the meeting Albert was observed to be very attentive to the exercises, and he looked so happy, that any one might have known that he gave twice as much as he was required to, because it gave him pleasure to do good. After meeting, my little friend went home, and described the exercises, telling his little brother, that he joined in the singing.

At this time Albert was in perfect health, and little thought this was the last meeting he should ever attend! But it was so.

This was Monday. On the next Thursday night, he was taken very ill, and on Friday morning, God took his gentle spirit to another world, and left his body silent and cold in death, while the smile of happiness still rested on his lovely countenance. Albert now lives in the world of spirits.

I do not think he has forgotten what he did while he was on earth. He has not forgotten his last gift to the heathen. Do you think, my young reader, that Albert is now sorry that he gave twice as much as he was required to give?

—L. H. L.

SUPPLY DRAFT. A white man fell dead a few days ago in New York, while swallowing his draught.

The Chicago American of the 17th ult. contradicts the report of Gov. Carlin's death. Another Doubtless Question.—A dispute has recently sprung up between Texas and Arkansas, about the line between them

MISCELLANY.

THE ABSTEMIOUS YOUNG LADY.

There is a class of young ladies, not uncommon, whom we denominate the "abstentious young ladies". This sisterhood seem to live, by all account, on air, and nothing else. You never see them eat, and yet they are tolerably stout too. We have known them weigh from 11 to 12 stone, which is pretty well for an abstentious young lady. At a dinner party, they leave every thing on their plate, after just picking up a morsel not sufficient for a tom-tit. Observe how daintily they hold their knife and fork—just by the extreme end of the handle—so that, even if they were disposed to that vulgar habit of eating, they could not lift up more than one grain avoidously. The lady of the house is continually pressing them to eat, with the most anxious solicitude for their well-being. 'Really, Miss Carolina, you must eat something.' Take a piece of boiled turkey: do pray. A little bit of roast beef. John, take Miss Caroline Webster's plate for a slice of beef. 'Really, Mrs. Hopkins' answered the abstentious young lady, 'I do assure you I have made a most excellent dinner. I never eat more. Ask mamma'—Hereupon Mrs. Hopkins, with anxiety quite maternal, interrogates Mrs. Webster touching and concerning 'poor' Carolina's appetite; to which Mrs. Webster replies with dignity—"I can assure you, Mrs. Hopkins, that what Carolina says is quite true. She is a very little eater—a very, very little eater indeed." This settles the matter.

In our juvenile days, we used frequently to come in for these sort of colloquies, and yet invariably could not fail of observing, that the abstentious young lady, despite of what her mother said of her little eating, was always without exception, the fattest young lady in the room. This inconsistency used to puzzle our philosophical brains most completely. How can this be? thought we. By what miraculous intervention, by what freak of nature, does it come to pass, that the fattest young lady is always the one who eats least? We considered and re-considered the case, but could find no answer. At last, in sheer desperation, we determined upon putting the matter to a test, by watching closely the young lady herself. 'Who knows?' thought we, 'but there is some sort of valuable gas which the abstentious young lady inhales every morning; or perhaps she lives on milk and arrow-root; or, most likely of all, she lives, like a snipe, by suction, and only feeds on juices.' Our desperate resolution was fixed. We determined to thrust ourselves suddenly into the presence of the abstentious young lady, when she least expected it, and by a bold stroke, to solve the problem. There only wanted an excuse for breaking in upon the abstentious young lady's private existence. We procured from our sister Letitia a piece of new music, which the abstentious young lady had expressed a wish to see; and, thus armed, between the hours of one and two, started on our adventurous excursion, and thrust ourselves unannounced into the parlor.

Our doubts were resolved in an instant, but not in the way which we expected. We beheld no gas—no arrow root—no suction. At a large table, surrounded by her younger sisters, (each a fat pattern of her self in their various degrees of size) sat the abstentious young lady. In a large dish, before her lay the mangled remains of a huge leg of mutton. She was devouring with all her might, doubtless as an example to the younger ones. She was rather chagrined, it was clear, at our approach. But we were too juvenile to notice things. So at least she seemed to consider us on second thoughts. For telling the maid servant to set a chair, she first helped us, and then continued eating without stopping till her plate was cleared.—How was our small mind surprised at beholding that mouth which we had considered as sealed forever, now employed in the full operation of gorging! We sat in silent wonder. A large round plum pudding came in. The abstentious young lady helped each of her sisters to a small piece, then us to a large piece, and then herself to a larger. We were thirsty.—She gave us a tumblingful from her own jug.—We drank—it was porter. The cloth was removed, and then the abstentious young lady found time to inform us, that she always carves for the children, and made her own little luncheon at the same time. 'I had thought it was your darning,' said we, simply. 'By no means,' said the abstentious young lady.

The mystery was explained. We returned home another person, a foot higher at the least. Such was the success of our first-philosophical inquiry into the phenomena of the young lady's creation.—[Lady's Book.]

REMOVAL OF THE CHEROKEES.

THE LAST INDIAN.—A few brief days or weeks and we shall look upon the last Indian, ere he takes up his solemn march to his unknown home. Nearly all the tribes have left, and have reached, or are now on their way to, the land set apart by the Government for a precarious resting-place for that subdued tribe. We have no hope that the present home of the Indians will be permanent or conducive to their general good. Their primal habits and honesty are measurably destroyed by the sudden hoisting, by the Government, of the great flood-gate of emigration into their territorial limits before they were removed, and humiliating as is the confession, it is nevertheless a fact, that too many who came among them were destitute of every feeling of humanity, and worse than the vampires of other days, they not only sucked their substance, but poisoned their minds, and strove to destroy every vestige of virtue and morality. There are honorable exceptions to this general charge; and we are proud to record that many who have settled in the Cherokee territory brought with them the "Balm of Gilead," to heal the afflictions of the oppressed, and ever manifested a determination to deal with the red-men as beings possessed of similar attributes and feelings with ourselves. But it will be acknowledged by every reflecting man, that the efforts of the good have been partially destroyed by the preponderating influence of the wicked.

If, with the sure promises of the Scripture before us, we are sometimes ready to doubt the efficacy of the preached gospel for the subjugation of the world to the reign of Christ, let us yield to the testimony given by the Spirit in his manliest attendance upon missionary labor. Let us pray with more faith, and labor in the cause more abundantly.

vices of the wily white man; and that in the genial clime to which they have migrated, under the guidance of the Great Spirit, they would endeavor to reclaim their primeval habits of honesty and virtue, in our hearts we would rejoice. But no such hope exists.

Already have the Shylocks, who hovered over this territory while there remained food for them to prey upon, fixed their glutinous eyes upon the frontiers, and will speedily follow the "last Indian" to his new home. The same system of villainy and treachery will be re-enacted on the plains of Arkansas, until not a vein of blood which flows to the red man's heart shall be unpreserved, and a remnant of property saved from the general wreck be left to render them comfortable and happy.

This is not all: another and another wave of emigration by the whites will continue to roll round the Indian frontiers, until its surge shall overleap its bounds, and with the immutable course of civilization the red man's ship will again be broken from its moorings and driven beyond the Pacific.—*Hamilton (Tenn.) Gazette.*

CHEERING MISSIONARY INTELLIGENCE—FROM THE SANDWICH ISLANDS.

Not more than about 20 years ago, the Sandwich Islands were lying in a state of profound heathenism. Now, we are receiving from them such intelligence as the following, from the Missionary Herald—

"Thus saith America—ye winds and waves! Waft the glad tidings to the land of slaves—Proclaim on Guinea's coast, by Gambia's side, As far as Niger rolls his changeful tide—

Thus saith America, on land and sea,

Afar, thy chains are broken, be thou free!

We have only two years to work, that Elihu Embree's prediction may be accomplished! Be not slothful.

Messrs. Clay and Crittenden were detained a little on their way to Congress from Kentucky on account of severe though not fatal injury, received by the upsetting of a stage

The case of Dr. Wm. Graves, who is accused of malpractice as a physician, is now under trial at Lowell.

PROPHECY.

On the thirteenth day of June, 1820, Elihu Embree published an article at Jonesborough, Tennessee, entitled "The Past, the Present, and the Future." One passage is so edifying that I extract it:

"Twenty years have produced such a revolution in men's minds, that from the traffic in slaves from Africa being authorized by law, it has become disgraceful, the strictest prohibitory laws are enacted, and the perpetrators are viewed as the greatest enemies of mankind and punishable with death."

"Estimating the future by the past, what may we conjecture will be the state of things in 1840? If within twenty years we have emerged from that despotism which could sanction laws to protect and encourage men in stealing free men on the coast of Africa, and bringing them to the United States, that they may be sold, and bought, and labor for us like horses and cattle—may we not therefore conclude, that in twenty years more, to hold a man in slavery will be as unpopular in the United States as piracy, and that as effective measures will be adopted by government to prevent it?"

In 1810, the tongues of these who are now opposed to the abolition of slavery will be silenced; and the echo will resound from Maine to New Orleans—"ALL MEN ARE FREE!"—and the overwhelming joy burst forth:

"Thus saith America—ye winds and waves! Proclaim on Guinea's coast, by Gambia's side, As far as Niger rolls his changeful tide—

Thus saith America, on land and sea,

Afar, thy chains are broken, be thou free!

We have only two years to work, that Elihu Embree's prediction may be accomplished! Be not slothful.

THE GRAHAM JOURNAL

OF HEALTH AND LONGEVITY.

The character of this periodical is now pretty well established, and its objects generally understood. The third volume will commence the first of January, 1839, and like volume 2 will contain 400 pages, and be issued every other Saturday as heretofore; and will hereafter be published simultaneously in Boston and New York. JOHN BURDELL is Agent in New York, to whom orders may be sent from all the States west and south of New England; the latter States will be supplied from the office at Boston, as formerly. All who now take the Journal will be considered as continuing their subscriptions, unless notice to the contrary may have been given before the close of the year. If all others wishing to become subscribers to the third volume, will send in their names at an early date, it will be a great convenience in determining how large an edition to commence with the first of January. As an inducement for persons to subscribe thus in anticipation, for volume 3, we will send them gratis the remaining numbers of volume 2, from the time their names are received to enter upon our subscription list. For conditions, see imprint on last page.

Subscriptions received and forwarded by JOSEPH S. WALL, at the Spy Office, Worcester, Mass. Nov. 9.

AMERICAN PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL.

THE American Phrenological Journal and Miscellany will be issued monthly, commencing on the 2d of Oct. next.

Each number will contain, at least, 32 octavo pages, making a volume of not less than 384 pages; corresponding point of mechanical execution with the best periodicals of the day.

The work will be furnished to subscribers at \$2 per annum for a single copy; \$5 (current price) for three copies, or \$10 (current as above) for seven copies sent to one address. To Clergymen and Theological Students, single copies will be furnished at \$1.50 per annum; and to companies of eight or more of such, it will be reduced to \$1.25 per copy, if sent to one address, and the subscription for the last page.

Reprint of the Four Quarters; embracing the Edinburgh, London Quarterly, Foreign Quarterly and the London and Westminster Quarterly Reviews. Terms \$2.00 per annum of 16 numbers.

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United States Magazine, and Democratic Review. Monthly, \$5.00 per annum.

Annals of Education; Edited by Dr. W. A. Alcott. Monthly, \$3.00 per annum.

Gentleman's Magazine; Edited by W. E. Burton. Comedian. Monthly, \$3.00 per annum.

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Family Magazine. Monthly, \$1.50 per annum.

Parry's Magazine for Children. Monthly, \$1.00 per annum.

Lady's Companion; Edited by William W. Snowdon and Mrs. Ann S. Stephens, embellished with Engravings, Music, &c. Monthly, \$3.00 per annum.

The Lady's Book and Lady's American Magazine; Mrs. Sarah J. Hale and Miss Leslie, (author of Pencil Sketches); each number containing a colored plate of the Latest Fashions, and two pages of Fashionable Music. Monthly, \$3.00 per annum.

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